This Stage, the Ship, vpon whose Decke,
The Seas toſt *Pericles*, appeares to ſpeake.

Enter Pericles on Shipboord.

Per. The God of this great vaſt, rebuke theſe ſurges
Which waſh both heauen and hell, and thou that haſt
Vpon the windes command, binde them in Braſſe,
Hauing cald them from the deepe, O ſtill
Thy dearning dreadfull thunders, daily quench
Thy nimble ſulpherous flaſhes: O how *Lichorida?*
How does my Queene? then ſtorme venomouſly,
Wilt thou ſpeat all thy ſelfe? the Seamans whiſtle
Is a whiſper in the eares of death,
Vnheard *Lichorida? Lucina*, oh!
Diuineſt patroneſſe, and my wife, gentle
To thoſe that cry by night, conuey thy Deity
Aboard our dauncing Boat, make ſwift the pangs
Of my Queenes trauailes. Now *Lichorida.*

Enter Lychorida.

Lychor. Heere is a thing too young for ſuch a place,
Who if it had conceit, would dye, as I am like to do:
Take in your armes this peece of your dead Queene.

Per. How? how *Lychorida?*

Lychor. Patience good ſir, do not aſſiſt the ſtorme,
Heere's all that is left liuing of your Queene;
A little Daughter, for the ſake of it
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. O you Gods!
Why do you make vs loue your goodly gifts,
And ſnatch them ſtraight away?
We heere below, recall not what we giue,
And therein may vſe honour with you.

Lychor. Patience good ſir, euen for this charge.

Per. Now milde may be thy life,
For a more bluſterous birth had neuer Babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions;
For thou art the rudeliеſt welcome to this world,

That

That euer was Princes child
Thou haſt as chiding a Nati
As Fire, Ayre, Water, Earth,
To harold thee from the wo
Euen at the firſt, thy loſſe is
Thy portage quite, with all
Now the good Gods throw

Enter tw

1. *Sayl.* What courage ſir?

Per. Courage enough, I d
It hath done to me the worſt
Of this poore infant, this freſ
I would it would be quiet.

1. *Sayl.* Slack the bolins the
Blow and ſplit thy ſelfe.

2. *Sayl.* But ſea-roome,
kiſſe the Moone, I care not.

1. *Sayl.* Sir, your Queene m
The ſea workes hie, the winde
And will not lye till the ſhip

Per. That's your ſuperſtitio

1. Pardon vs ſir; with vs at
And we are ſtrong in eaſterne,

Per. As you thinke meete, ſ
Moſt wretched Queene.

Lychor. Heere ſhe lies ſir.

Per. A terrible child-bed h
No light, no fire, the vnfriendl
Forgot thee vtterly, nor haue
To bring thee hallowd to thy
Muſt caſt thee ſcarſely coffind,
Where for a Monument vpon
The ayre remaining lampes, th
And humming water muſt o'e
Lying with ſimple ſhels: Oh
Bid *Neſtor* bring me Spices, In
My Casket and my Iewels, and

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